

B E N B O L T

Or

OH! DONT YOU REMEMBER

Ballad

SING BY

MISS CLARA BRUCE

COMPOSED BY

NELSON KNEASS.

Piano Accomp. 25 Cts. nett.

Guitar Accomp. 25 Cts. nett.

Louisville W. C. PETERS & C^o - PETERS, FIELD & C^o Cincinnati.

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BEN BOLT,

OR

AH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER.

As Sung by J.H.M^c CANN.

The Music by N.KNEASS.

Sva

SEMPLICE.

loco

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt— Sweet Al— ice with hair— so brown, She

wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown. In the

old church yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner obscure and a-lone, They have

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff. The piano part consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un-der the stone. They have

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the rhythmic pattern established in the first system.

fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un-der the stone. *Ad libitum.*

The third system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a section marked *Ad libitum.* where the rhythmic pattern becomes more fluid and expressive.

The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment concluding with a series of chords and a final cadence. The vocal line is silent in this system.

3^d Ver: Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, And the Mas — ter so kind and so

2^d Ver: Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the green sunny slope of the

true, And the lit — tle nook by the clear running brook, Where we

hill; Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading shade, And kept

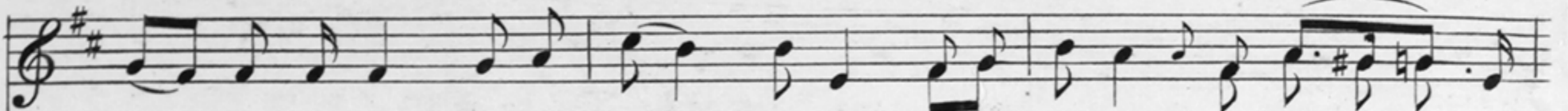
gath — er'd the flow'rs as they grew. On the Mas — — — ter's grave grows the

time to the click of the mill: The mill has gone to de —

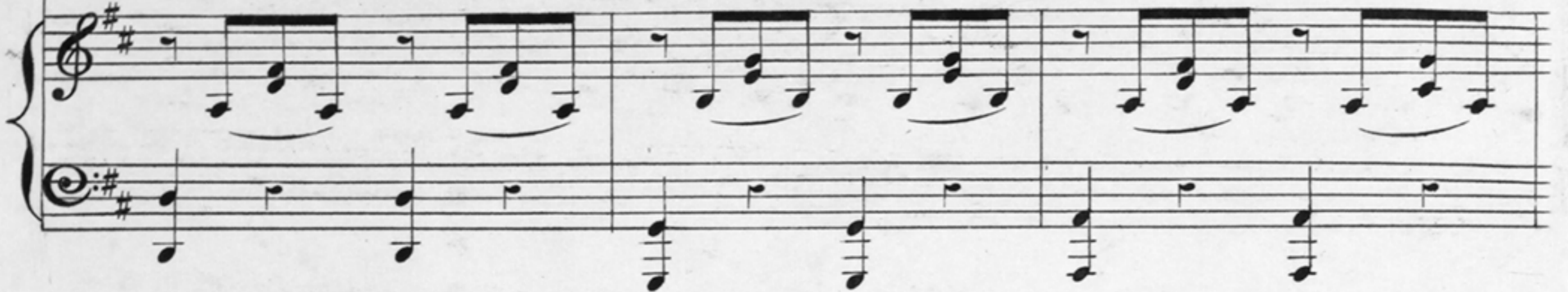
grass, Ben Bolt, And the running lit-tle brook is now dry; And of

— cay, Ben Bolt, And 'a qui — et now reigns all a — round, See the

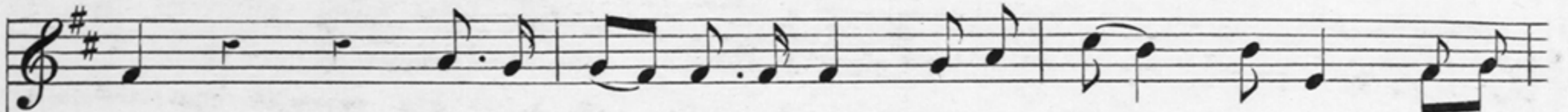
all the friends who were school mates then, There re - mains Ben, but you and



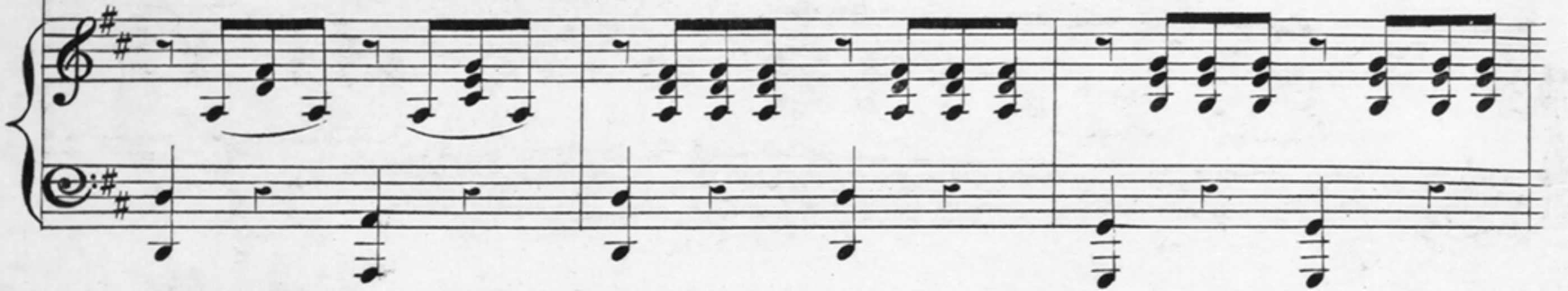
old rus-tic porch with its roses so sweet, Lies scatter'd and fall-en to the



I. And of all the friends who were school mates then, There re -

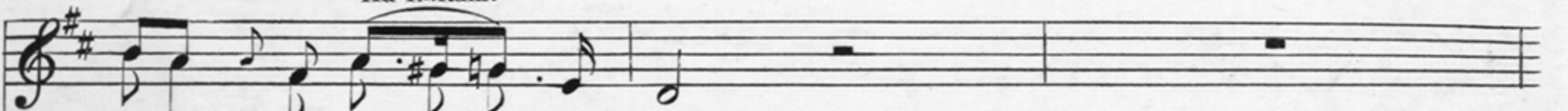


ground, See, the old rus-tic porch, with its roses so sweet, Lies



mains Ben, but you and I.

Ad libitum.



scatter'd and fallen to the ground.



Ad libitum.

